Quartett.

№ 13.

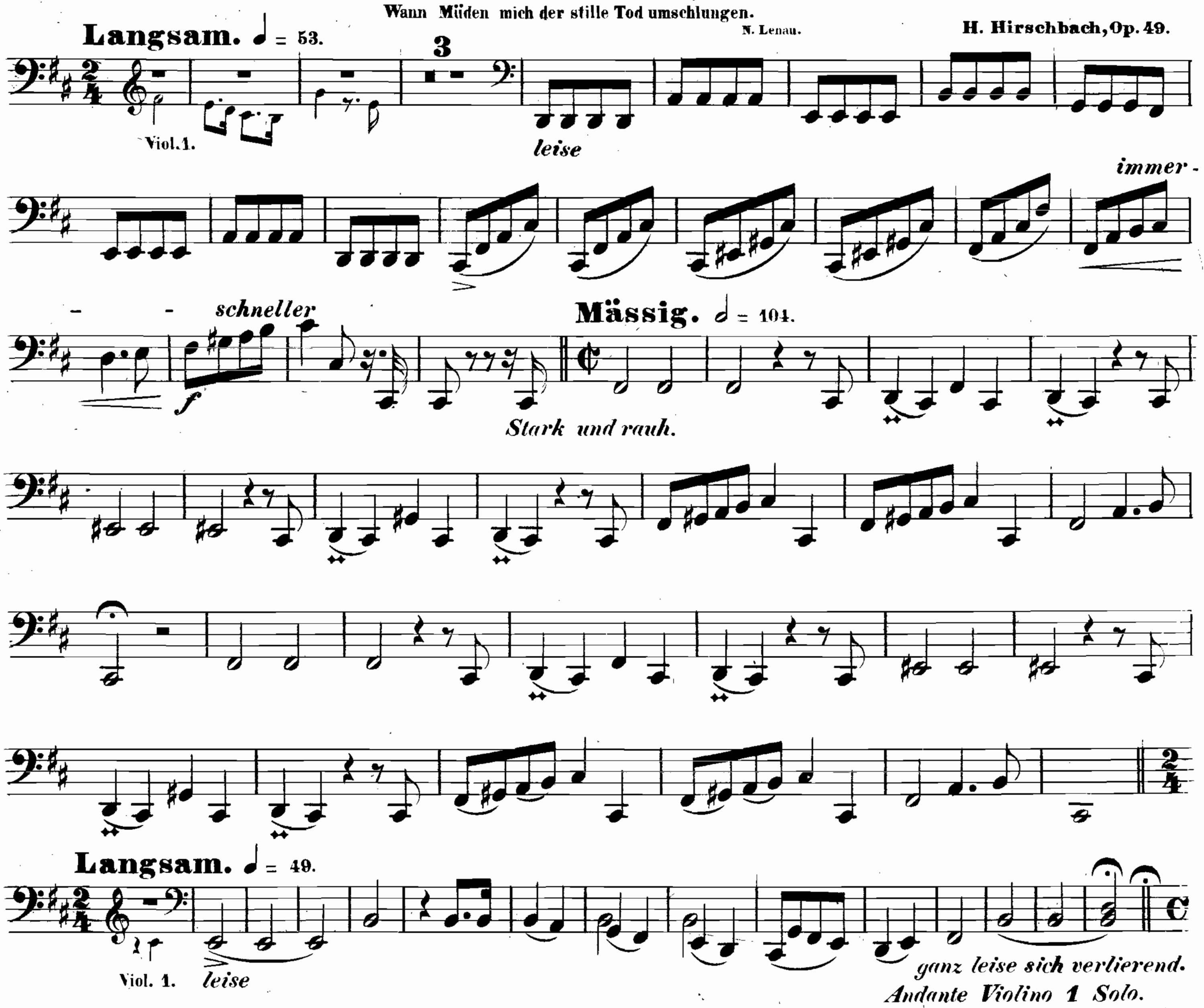
Violoncello.

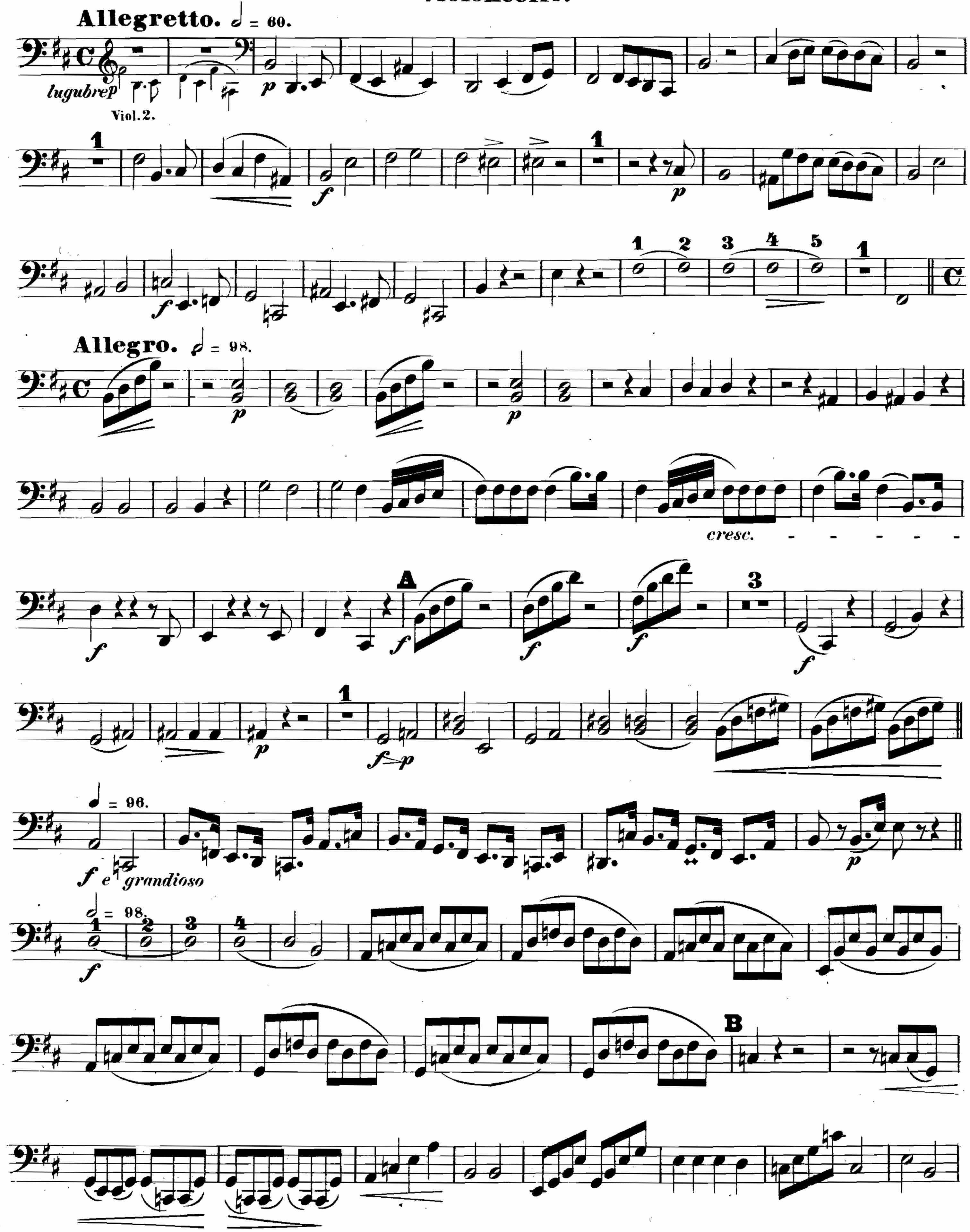
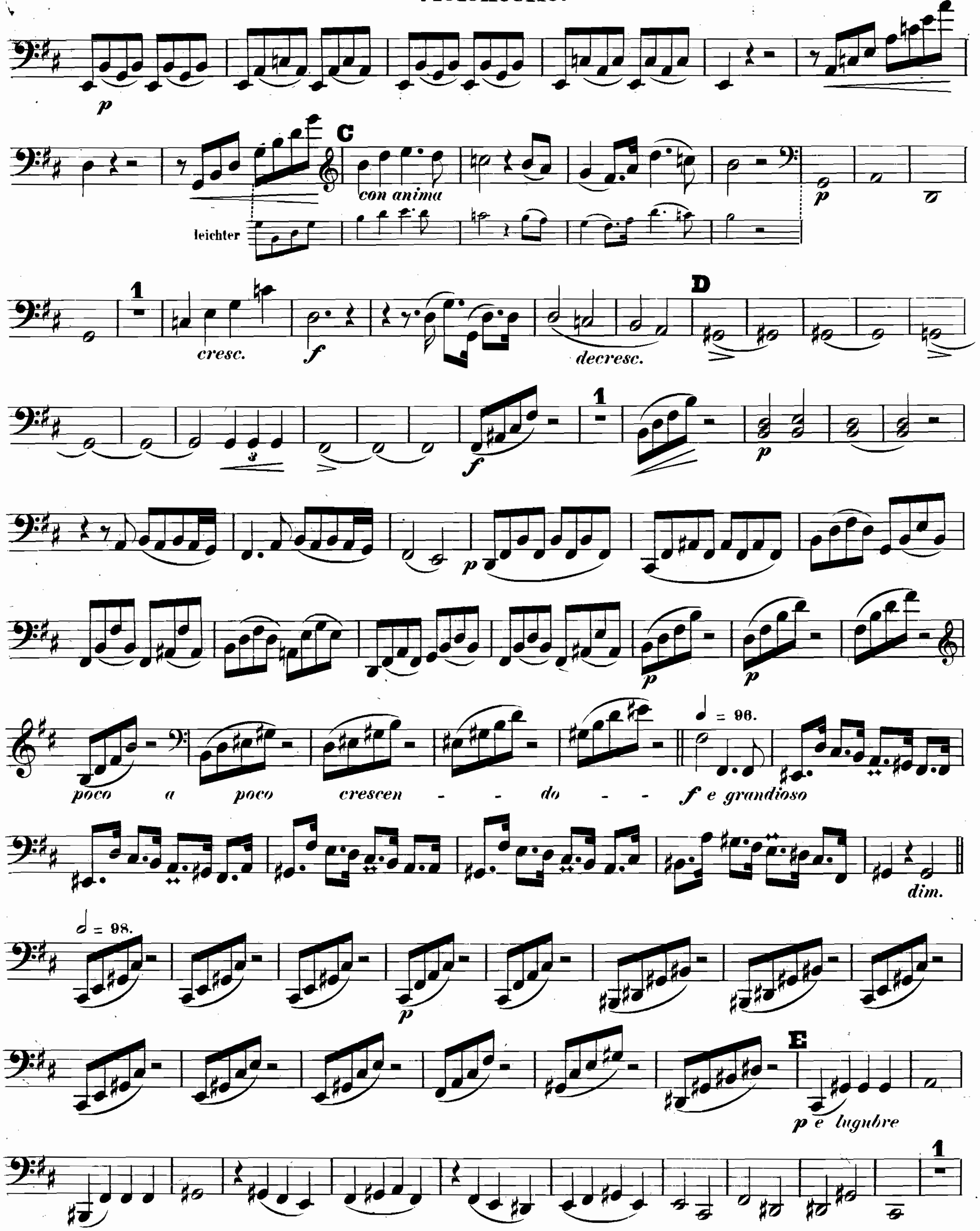
Gesang.

Schon hat der Lenz verblüht und ausgesungen,
Die holden Träume, seligen Gefühle
Erstarben in der bangen Sommerschwüle,
Mit der das Thatenleben angedrungen.

Das Ross gespornt! Die Wehre frisch geschwungen!
So heisst es nun im heissen Kampfgewühle,
Bis mir der Sabbath fächelt seine Kühle,
Wann Müden mich der stille Tod umschlungen.

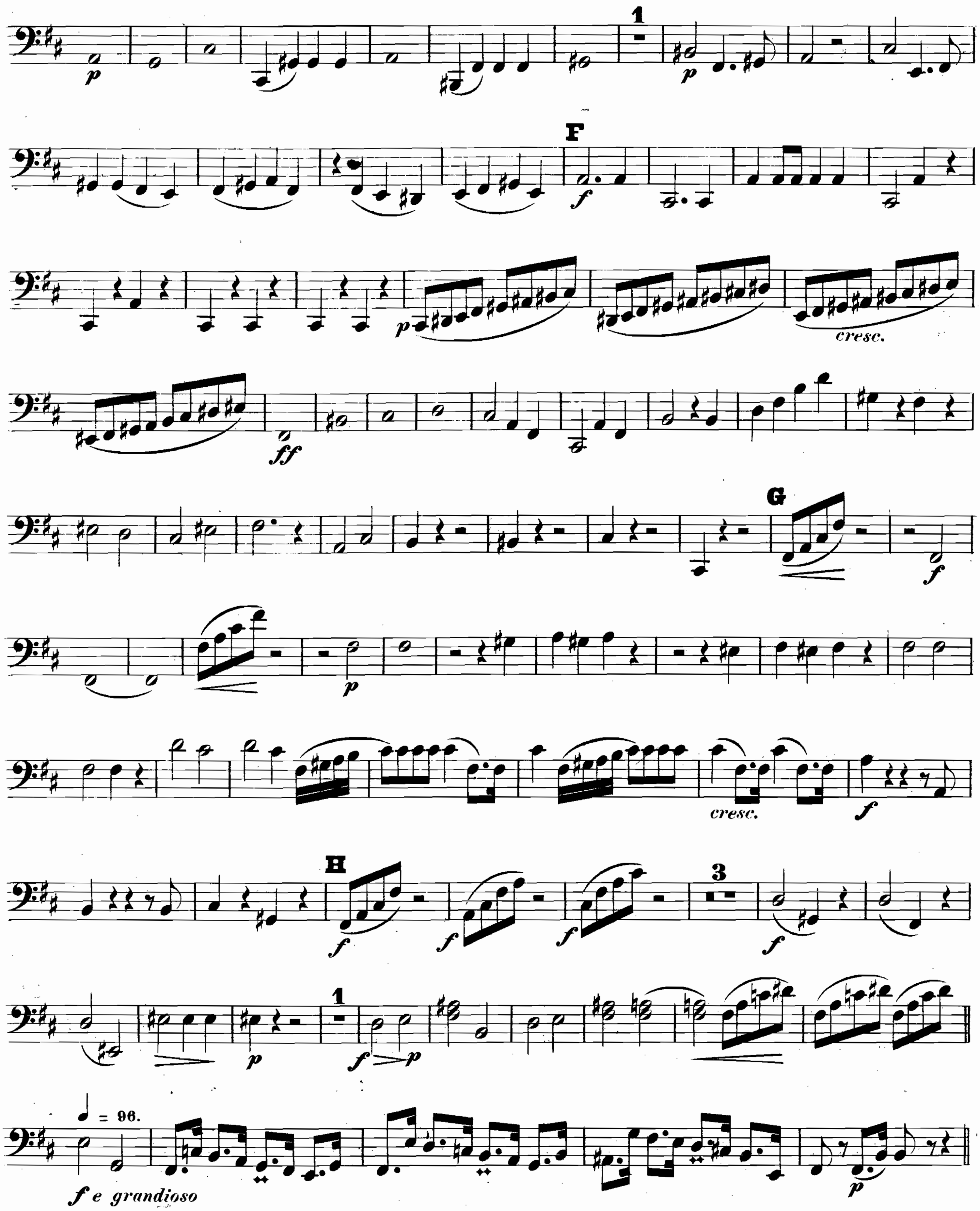
N. Lenau.

H. Hirschbach, Op. 49.



Violoncello.




p
C
con anima
leichter
p
1
cresc.
f
decresc.
D
1
f
p
poco a poco crescen - - do - - f e grandioso
♩ = 96.
dim.
𝅗𝅥 = 98.
p
E
p e lugubre
1

Violoncello.
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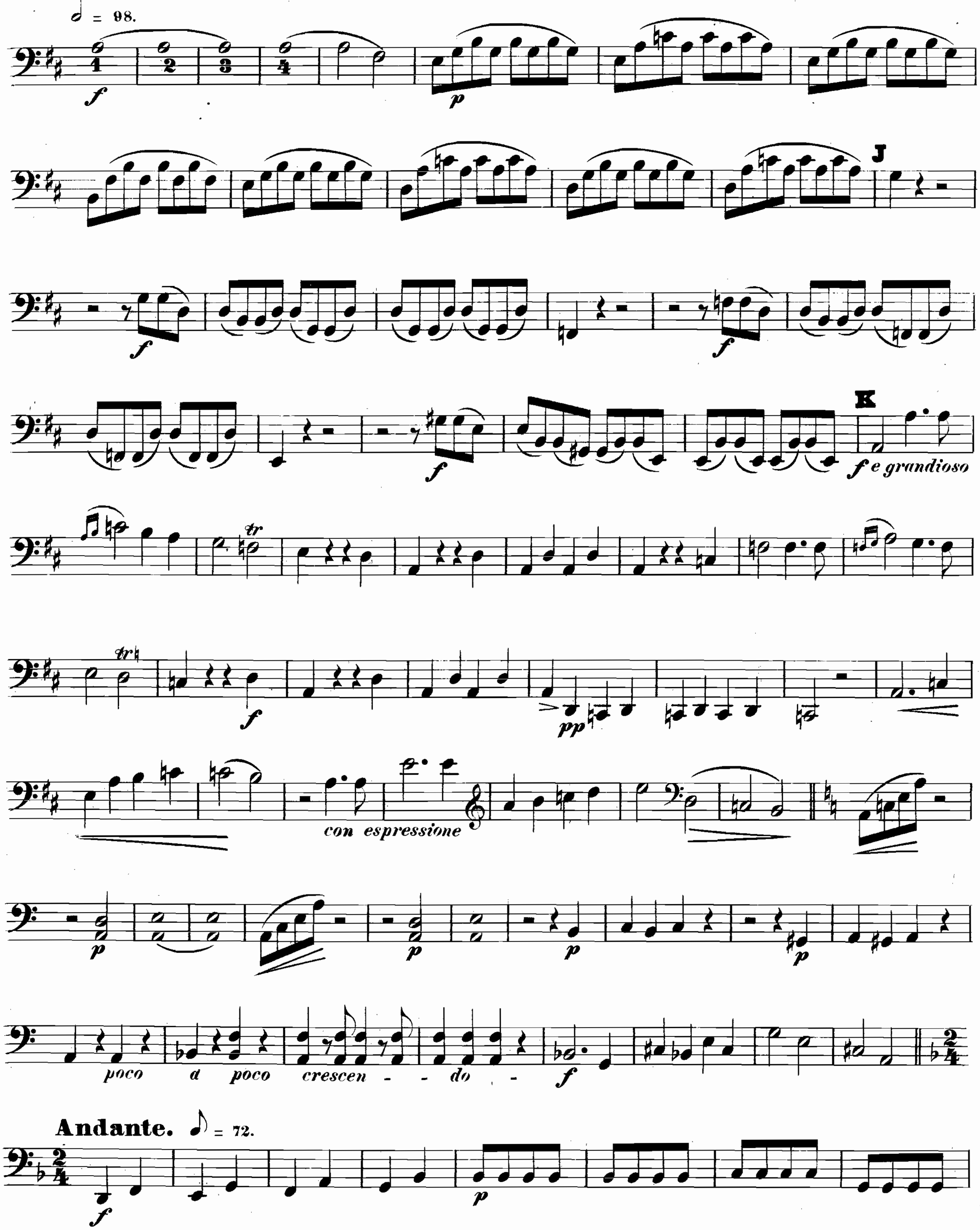


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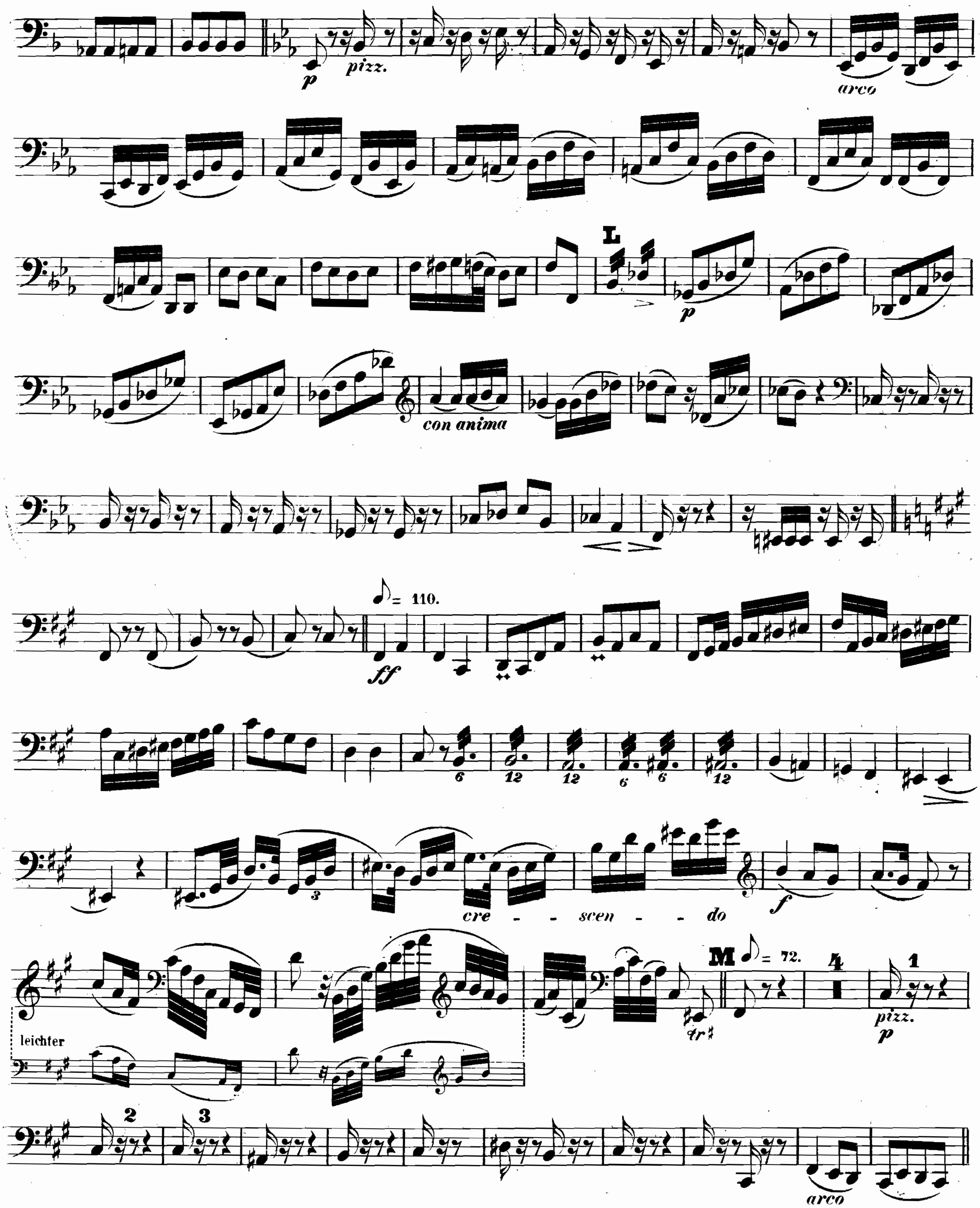


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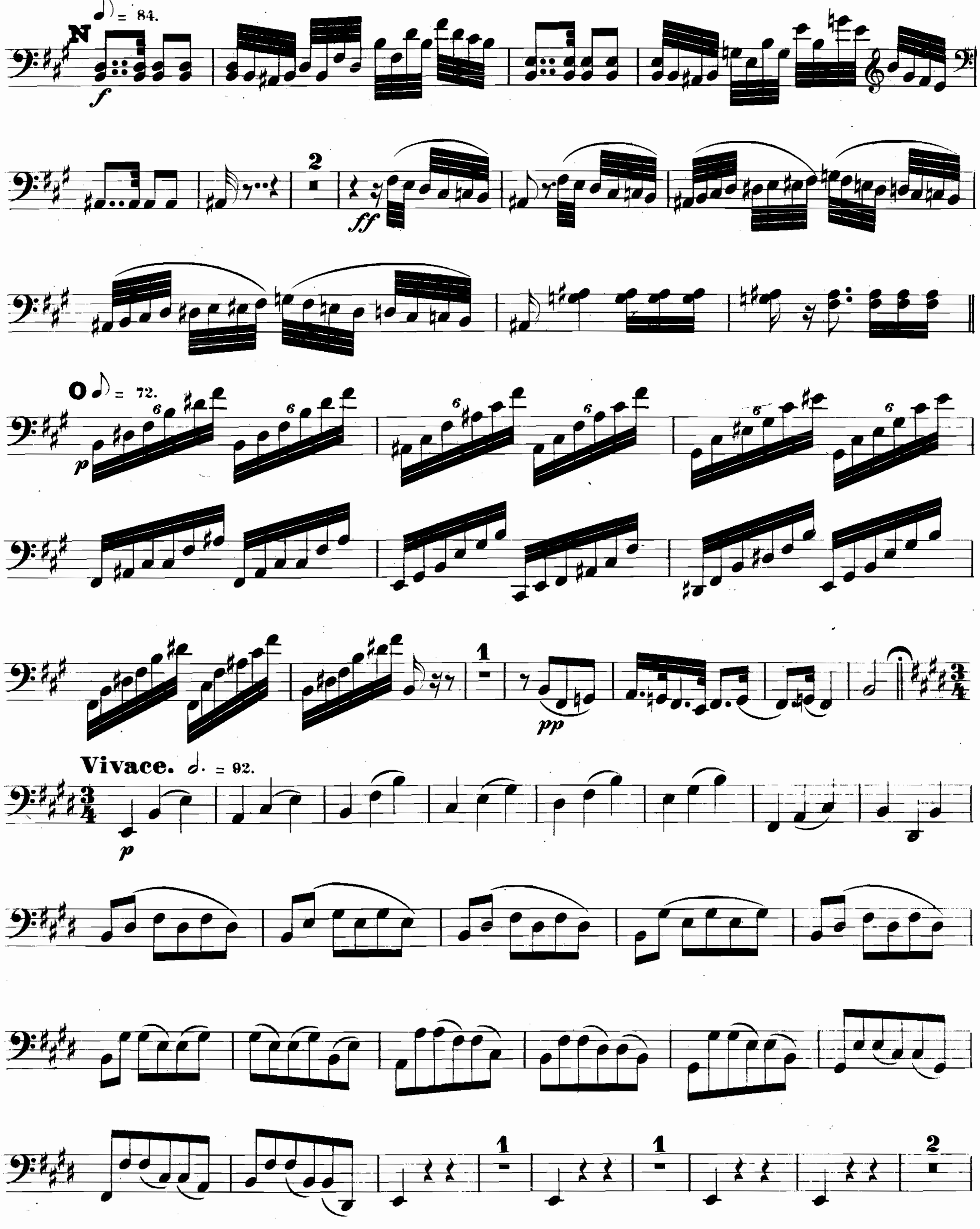
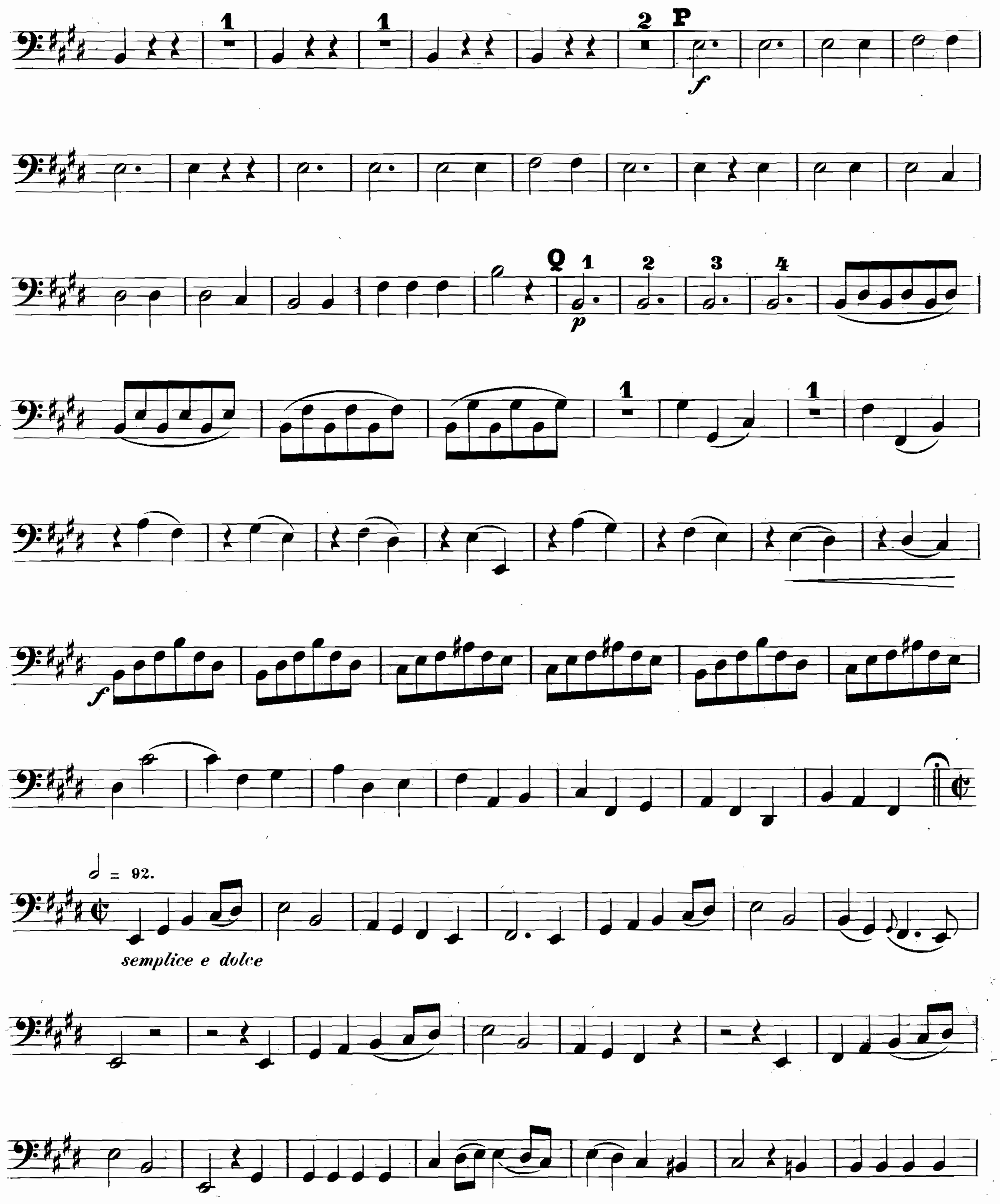
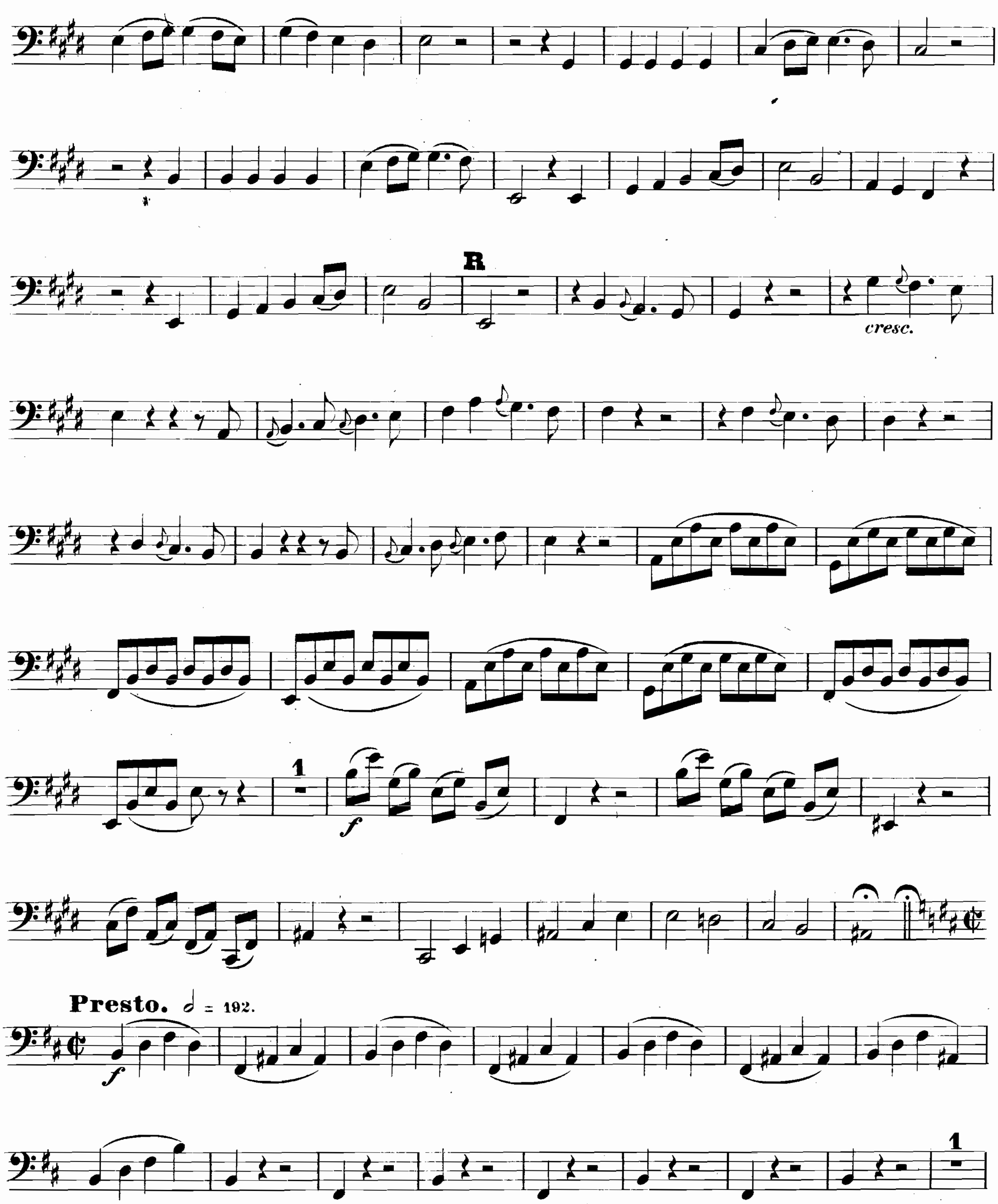
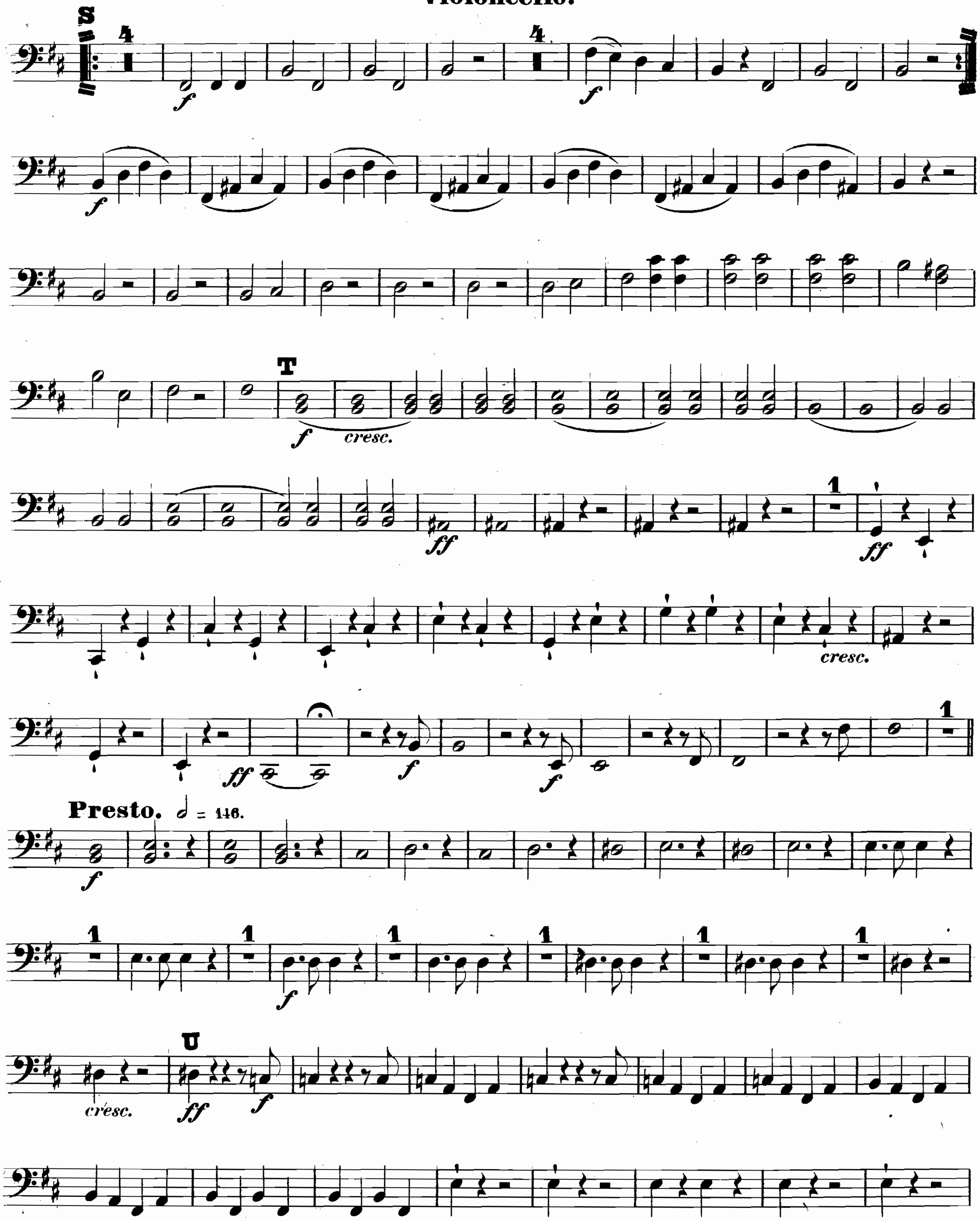




P
Q
= 92.
semplice e dolce


R
cresc.
1
f
Presto. 𝅗𝅥 = 192.
f
1

Violoncello.
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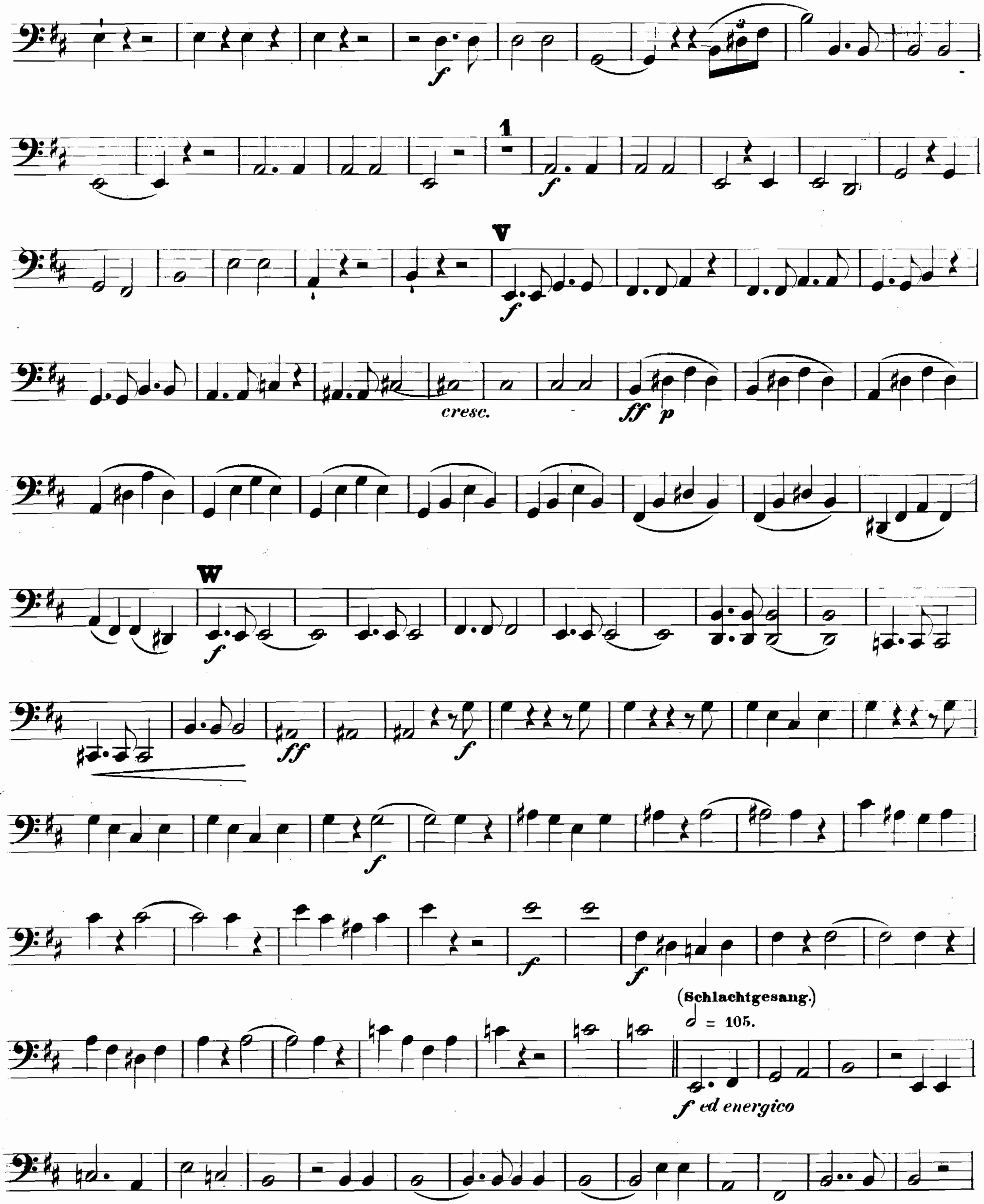


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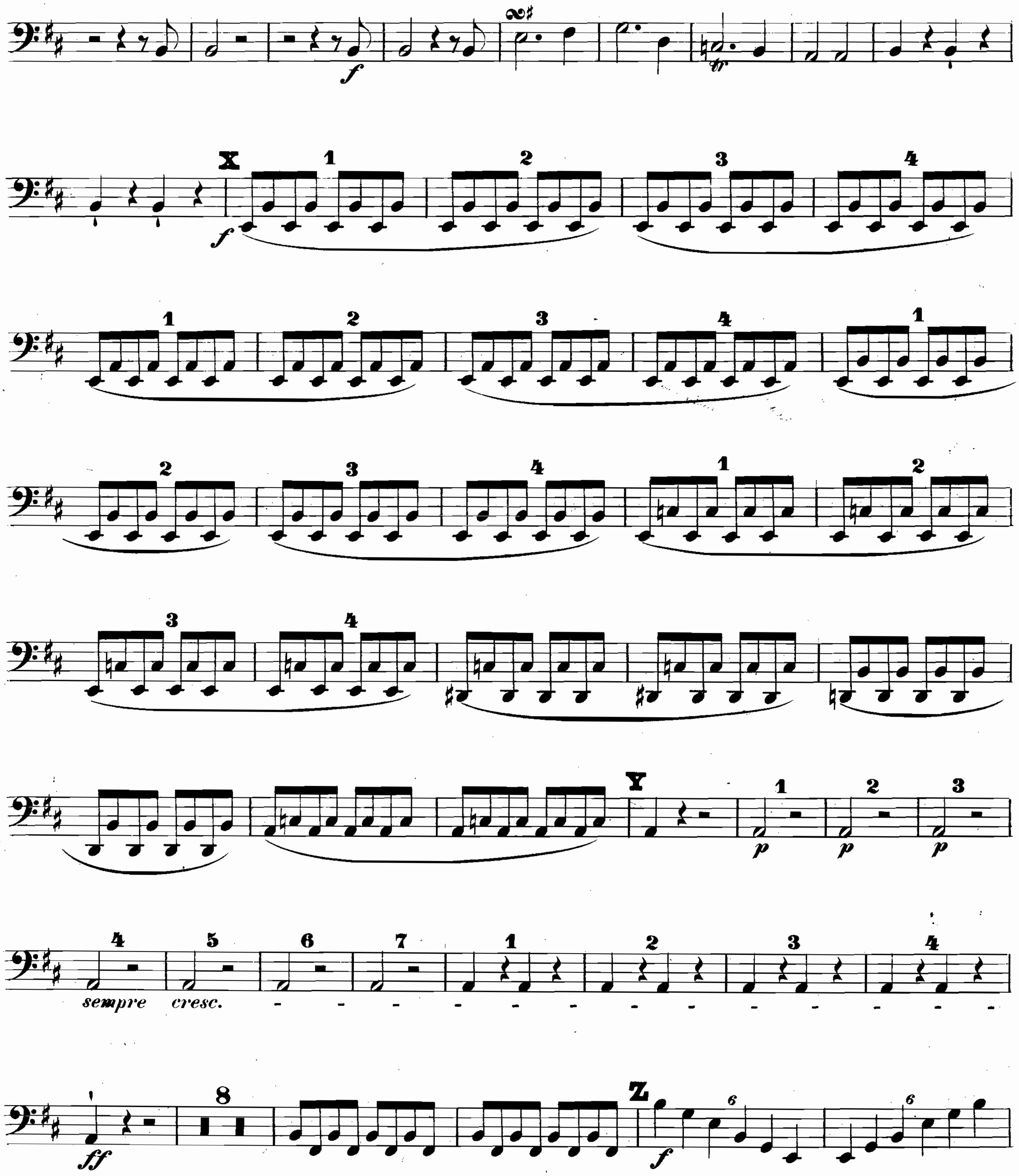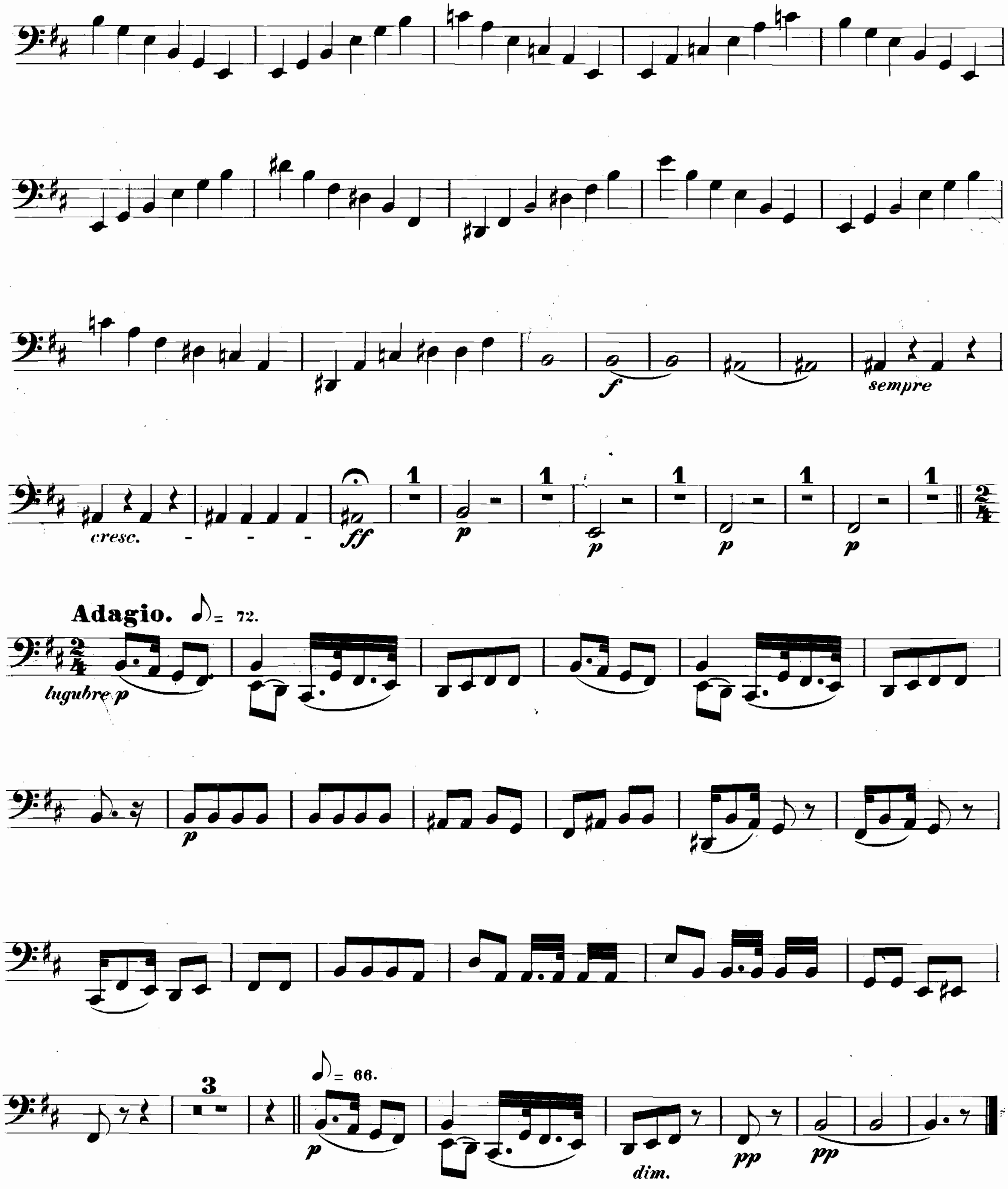



sempre
cresc.
Adagio. ♪= 72.
lugubre p
♪= 66.
dim.
pp